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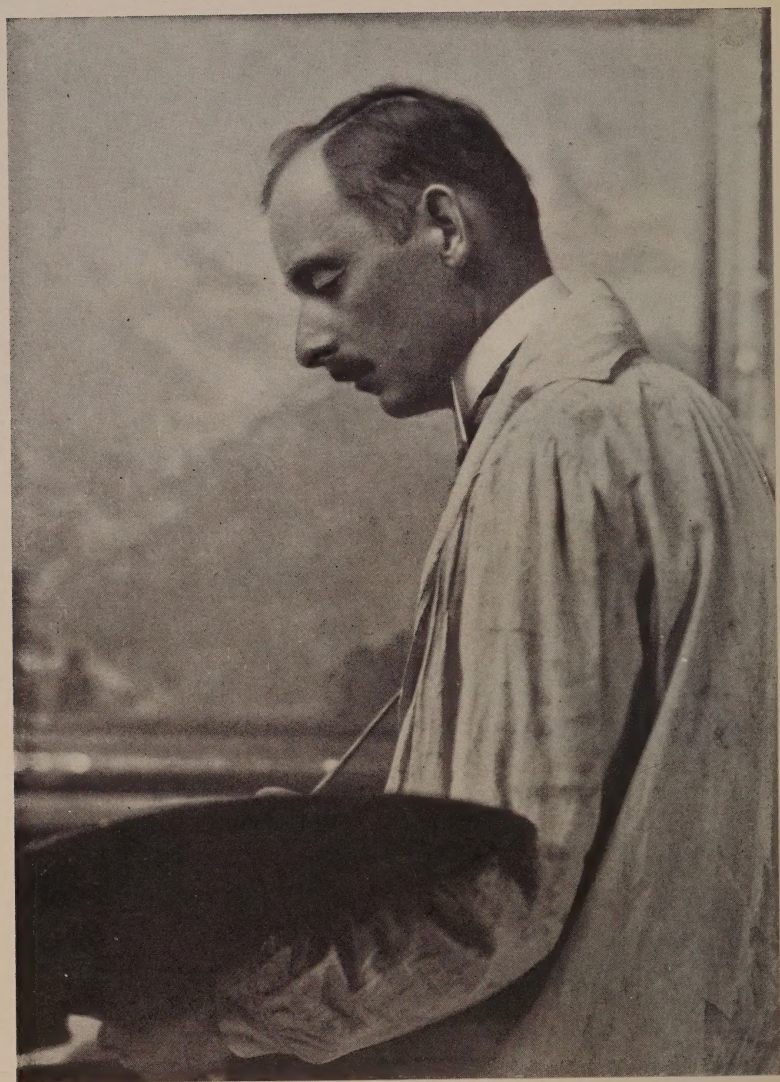


CALIFORNIA SIERRAS

BY

EDGAR PAYNE

EDGAR ALWIN PAYNE
and His Work



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And His Work

With Articles by:

ANTONY ANDERSON

Art Critic of the West

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EDGAR ALWIN PAYNE

A Biography and an Appreciation

By ANTONY ANDERSON

Edgar Alwin Payne is an American landscape painter whose outstanding qualities as both technician and interpreter have been proclaimed by well-known critics in Paris and New York, a high estimate that is verified in his own exhibitions. Los Angeles, too, and Chicago, have declared him to be one of the elect in art. Exactly four years ago, when he was showing in the same gallery that he has chosen for his present exhibit, I wrote of him in the Los Angeles Times:

“Payne sees nature in a big and comprehensive way, and something of this bigness of outlook he communicates to us. Which is, when all is said, one of the chief functions of art. You will find poetry and beauty in the pictures at the Stendahl, and a vitality that is amazing.”

Poetry and beauty, and the power to express them, have come out of Missouri, where Payne was born, as they have come out of Maine, or Ohio, or California, and as they will continue to come so long as the human spirit feels the need of the consecration and the dream. The poet and the painter began to sip the manna of beauty on the day of birth—the honey-dew that may be distilled anywhere and everywhere, from lowland levels to Olympian slopes.

None the less at the tender age of fourteen the sturdy and independent Edgar Alwin shook the dust of Washburn, Missouri, from his feet forever,—the dust that was mixed so unpleasingly with the honey-dew,—traveling first to the Ozarks in Arkansas, but soon finding these as dusty as the narrow streets of

Washburn. So he turned his face southward and went to Old Mexico.

Why do very young artists leave home? For a hundred reasons. In Payne's case it was because, having exhausted the possibilities of pokeberry juice in the making of pictures, he had joyfully pounced on a few pots of paint belonging to his father—and been found out. There was some disagreement. Argument failed to clear the atmosphere. Edgar Alwin's father refused to recognize his son's first masterpiece. So the lad turned his eager eyes towards the mountains, the low-lying Ozarks, delicately blue and very lovely on the horizon. It may be, too, that the wanderlust was already awake and alert to all the allurements of glorious adventure. Certain it is that Payne has traveled much and in many countries since that day so big with fate.

He found plenty of adventure at once,—Old Mexico is full of it,—and after the proper interval and the customary quota of hard knocks, he also found fame, which is not good for the very young and the very inexperienced. California beckoned and offered him that. For, though Payne began as a portraitist and a muralist, landscape had always held his secret and loyal allegiance, and in 1911 he met with his true affinity, California landscape—its mountains, its foothills, its rocky Pacific shores. After 1911, still a seeker, still an adventurous wanderer, he was irresistibly drawn to California again and again, and for the past six or seven years his home and studio have been in either Los Angeles or Laguna Beach.

Payne studied for a short time in the Chicago Art Institute, but, like so many other men of strong and original talent, he did not feel at home in an art school. He needed elbow room, a place in which to

dream, to think and to work in his own way. He turned to murals,—plenty of room there,—for his decorative sense has always been very strong, a decided factor even in his easel pictures. Many of these murals were painted in Kansas City, New York and Chicago, and placed in those cities, but it was in California that he painted his *magnum opus*, 26000 square yards of decorated canvas for eleven floors of the Congress Hotel in Chicago, the subjects being entirely Italian—though Payne had not been in Italy at that time. But youth is always imaginative and venturesome, even undismayed by 67,000 pounds of lead. However, there were other courageous youths on this immense job, Conrad Buff, Jack Wilkinson Smith and Grayson Sayre—in whom you recognize names that have since become some of the best-known in the art of California.

On his first trip to the West, Payne met, in San Francisco, Elsie Palmer, a young art student whom he subsequently wooed and wed in Chicago. The wedding took place in 1912. Exactly ten years later Payne, with his wife and daughter, made the longest painting trip of his career, for it lasted two years and brought him, in the course of the first year, through eastern France, along the French and Italian Riviera, to Rome and around Rome, into Venice and the Adriatic, through Switzerland and the Bernese Alps.

He was painting fast and furiously all the time, for once again he had come upon his strongest affinity in art. The Swiss Alps are much like the High Sierras, though bolder, more rugged, more densely blanketed in snow and fringed with evergreens, more strung with happy villages. Then Payne rested for the winter in Paris, holding a very successful exhibition of sixteen canvases at the Galeries Jacques

Seligmann, 57 Rue St. Dominique. He also exhibited in the spring Salon, his picture bringing him an honorable mention.

The second year of his sketching tour found him in the chateau country of France, along the banks of the Loire, and here Elsie Palmer Payne also painted, her medium being water color. They sketched along the entire coast of Brittany from the Loire to Mont St. Michel, though much of their time was spent in lower Brittany, in the picturesque fishing ports of Concarneau and Douarnenez. What an itinerary for a painter! That Edgar Payne, ever alert, ever eagerly looking for the "picture," neglected no single item of this beauty on the way, his exhibition at the Stendahl amply proves. What industry, and what talent!

But mere industry and technical talent, however persistent, do not paint pictures that live. To these attributes must be joined the image-making faculty, the power to see with the soul as well as with the eye. Payne has been dowered with this gift to a marked degree. His stupendous mountain forms are not imitations of nature, they are interpretations, and they assume the vitality of pictures through the passion of a painter who also happens to be a poet. They are created, nothing less, from the elements of art,—how few these elements are, and yet how dynamic, how infinitely varied in their outward manifestations!

It would seem that none of their variations has escaped Payne's creative curiosity. Descending from the mountains, he is equally keen-eyed in the valleys and along the sea levels. So it happens that the exhibition of paintings now held by him, the output of more than two years of hard and joyous work with the brush, is as replete with diversities in form

as it is rich in color. It is the full and determinate expression of many moods, though its one recurrent theme, its *leit-motif*, is beauty. We may rightly call the present exhibition a painter's symphony, for it holds all of life as Payne sees and feels it through the medium of art. We know—the pictures tell us—that he sees clearly and feels deeply.

Public honors have come to him, of course, though he has not sought them. He has been too happily absorbed in looking for and proclaiming the haunting beauty of this visible and invisible world to grasp at the bubble reputation. But public recognition is good in its way, though not the highest good to the artist,—who must always find that in himself, in the satisfaction of work well done, the vision realized,—and such recognition has been Edgar Payne's from the very beginning of his career. Much more will follow, we may be sure.

His Salon honor of 1923 has been spoken of. The Chicago Art Institute has given him the Martin B. Kahn prize. From the Los Angeles Museum he has received gold and bronze medals, from exhibitions held in Sacramento gold and silver medals, from the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles a first prize. He is represented in the permanent collection of the John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis, in the Chicago Municipal Collection, in the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles, in the Peoria Art League, and in the galleries of the University of Nebraska. Many private collections have been enriched by his noble Californian and European landscapes, for the understanding love for native American art has not been slow to discover and appraise a talent so powerful and so individual.

[*Descriptions accompanying reproductions by Antony Anderson*]

Edgar Alwin Payne and His Art

by FRED S. HOGUE

Edgar Alwin Payne has painted as Homer sang, wandering from place to place where his fancy moved him. He is the rolling stone, the floating cloud, the vagrant bee. Wherever there is warmth and variety in color, a contrast of plastic and static form—wherever nature has unfolded one of its divine masterpieces Payne has made a pilgrimage, as the faithful to a shrine; and he writes on canvas with pigments his symphonies as Homer sang them to the tune of his lyre.

Had he been born in Arabia ten centuries ago he would have been one of the priests of the fire worshipers. He would have been at home among the Druids of ancient Brittany. Born in a century immersed in materialism, he has broken the fetters of conventionalism, he has fled the mean and the sordid and has gone forth to hold solitary communion with the mountains and the sea.

In all history of landscape painting, there is no painter who would travel further or surmount more obstacles to view nature's masterpieces and very few who would bring together in a single collection canvases from so many parts of America and Europe.

And, like Homer, many communities claim him as their own. The dwellers of Southern Missouri have a higher appreciation of the rocky summits and wooded slopes of the Ozarks since they have seen them on canvas as Edgar Payne visualizes them. Thousands of tourists have made a pilgrimage to the California and Mexican Sierras to find those mountain lakes, so rich in color and shadow, whose secrets hidden in their depths are never disclosed, so placid

and yet too treacherous—those slumbering pools that Payne has painted as no other artist, living or dead, has painted them.

On the coasts of Brittany there are communities that preserve as choice treasures sketches of the tuna and the mackerel fleets that furnish the motif for his witching, colorful canvases of the fishing craft on the coast of Brittany. Artists are no novelty on the coasts of Brittany south of Brest. But this quiet and affable American was different. He came with his wife and daughter and lived for a season among them. He went forth in the gray dawn on a fishing cutter and was one with the crew. While they fished on the banks he sketched; and he was not averse to lending a hand when the nets were drawn in.

But Payne was to them a child of fortune, favored by destiny. He possessed a spark of the sacred fire that, for want of a better term, we call genius. The rushing tides, the swelling sails, the dash of the spray on the prow of the swiftly moving cutter, the opal cloud that sauntered across the blue arch above them, the purple and gold of the horizon—all these lived again in color, light and shade on the canvas illuminated and glorified by his brush. He alone possessed the art of expressing on canvas the emotions and the impressions that they all experienced in their daily converse with the sea.

But Payne could be chained to no single location. He was as restless as the Wandering Jew. From Brittany he soared as on the wings of the morning to the Swiss Alps. He descended to earth at Interlaken and became the companion of the Alpine guides, not for a few days but for whole seasons. He painted the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, the Eiger, the Monch and some of the peaks of lesser fame, but of still greater beauty—painted them in

their changing moods, painted canvases whose endurance is only second to that of these eternal barriers.

For an American artist to paint a Swiss mountain is not new, but the art of Edgar Payne soars high above mere decorative effects. Those rugged Swiss mountains on his canvases are studies in architecture, and in geology. There is nothing superficial about his art. His youth and years of production have been spent in communion with nature. Geologists have marveled that they could classify every strata on his canvases. A boulder on the mountain side was not to him merely a mass of stone. He searched the secret of its origin. His delineation of the rock was that of a portraitist.

One of the marvels to me of his art is correct reproduction of atmosphere. He has painted in Southern California, in France, in Switzerland and in Italy. But he never confuses his climatic tones, a defect of almost every artist that has wandered far afield. How often have I seen a Southern California landscape under a sky of New England or the North Sea! I am sure no living landscape artist possesses a sharper and truer perception than Edgar Payne.

Switzerland charmed him, the call of the sea was not to be resisted. I can follow him in his canvases from Lake Lucerne through the French Alps to the canals of Venice. But the stagnant waters repelled him and he was soon cruising with the fishing fleet on the Adriatic. The scroll of the centuries rolled back and he was in the midst of the flotillas that left the port of Tyre when Nineveh and Babylon were the wonder cities of the oriental world, when the Queen of Sheba came to view the Temple of Solomon.

It is from these canvases that I learned the sail-

ing craft of the Adriatic differ little from that of the eras of Biblical history.

From the Adriatic he cruised into the Mediterranean, to bask in the sunlight of the French and Italian Riviera. One senses this change by the different prows, sail and rigging of the fishing cutters. The fishing craft on the Mediterranean canvases are those of ancient Egypt; and one marvels how that distinction has been preserved through the centuries. The fleet of Xerxes is replaced by that of the Pharaohs.

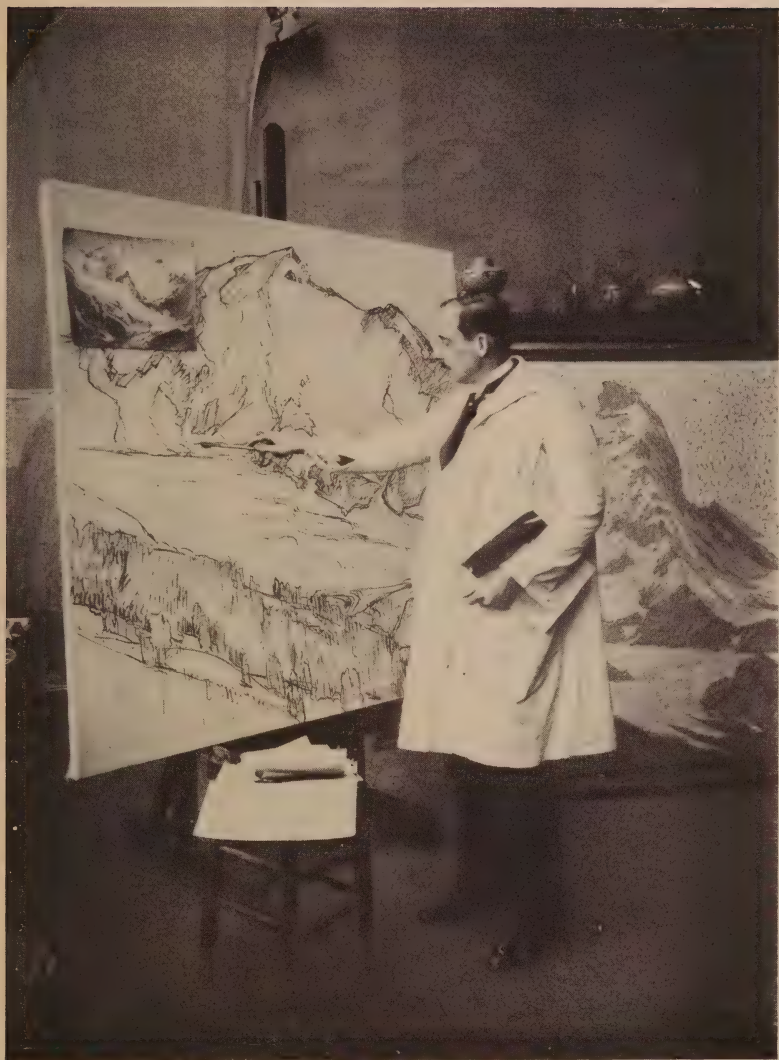
These canvases which Edgar Payne has brought back from Southern Europe will assure his reputation as a marine painter. None has delved deeper than he into the sea and its mysteries. Whether it be the mountain lake, the Atlantic off the coast of Brittany, the harbors of the French and Italian coasts, the shoreless expanse of waters of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, or the moving tides off the shores of Southern California, Edgar Payne has caught them in their secret moods and reproduced them on his canvases.

As I studied the canvases in the present collection, I sensed a feeling of regret that he should have wandered so far. I wished he might have been imprisoned in California, like a bird in a golden cage, that he might have remained as loyal to us as the Flemish painters to the Low Countries and the British painters of the epoch of Gainsborough and Lawrence to the British Isles. But I appreciated that it would have been to clip the wings of his inspiration, to fetter his genius with a golden chain.

The art of Edgar Payne is cosmopolitan, universal. No State can claim him as his own. He is the floating cloud, wafted by the winds of caprice—perhaps of destiny. He is a minstrel painter, wel-

come wherever his fancy leads him, and his canvases form a necklace of pearls that encircle half the globe.

He is young in years to win the appellation of master; and that appellation consists of the awards his canvases have won in every country and every exhibition where his canvases have appeared. The art critics of Paris and Rome are even more enthusiastic in their appreciation of his creations than those of his native country. Just as Thomas Payne said that he was a citizen of the world, Edgar Payne can say that he possesses a habitat in the art world of two continents.



*EDWARD ALWIN PAYNE WORKING IN HIS PARIS STUDIO
ON THE CANVAS THAT WON FOR HIM "HONORABLE MEN-
TION" AT THE SALON OF 1923.*



Number 1

"CHATEAU AT MONTRESOR"

This beautiful picture, glowing with subdued color, was painted near Tours. The chateau dates from the fourteenth century, and is still occupied by a Polish family descended from its original builder. With its rounded peaked towers it is like the castle of the enchanted princess of the fairy story. At its feet are the village shops, green and yellow, with red roofs. Though this is an almost literal transcription, the artist has massed his buildings and trees, and played with his colors so subtly, that the glamour of romance transfigures the scene.



Number 2

"LOW TIDE"

Concarneau again, that wonderful Breton fishing town seven miles from Port Aven. The color arrangement is one of blues, greens and reds, all at their most brilliant, though here skilfully tuned into vibrant harmony by the artist. The bright colors are those of the hulls propped up in the low-tide. More subdued in tone are the hues of the sails, dull purples and extremely light tawny yellows. Beyond the boats is the encircling town of Concarneau.



Number 3

"RUGGED SLOPES AND TAMARACK"

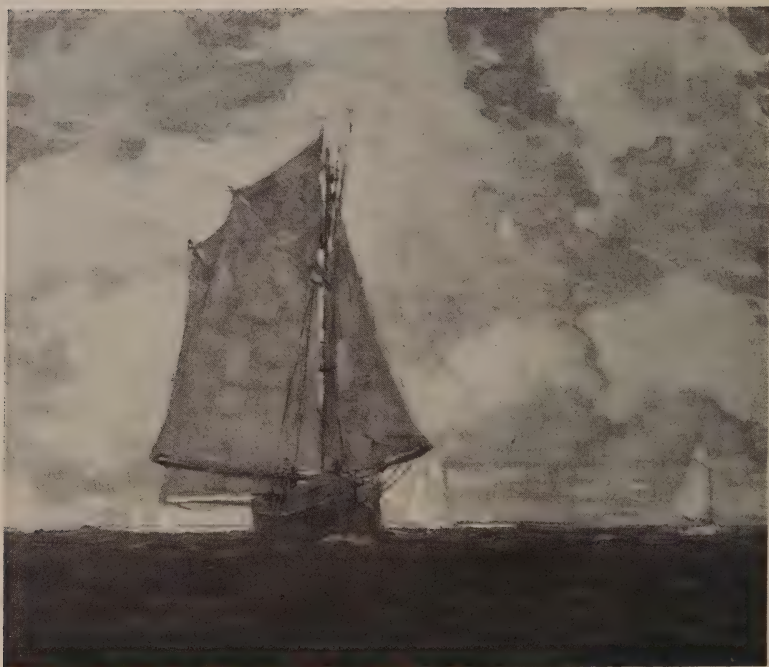
Awarded Martin B. Kahn prize, Art Institute, Chicago. An ideal conception of our own high Sierras. The towering saw-tooth peaks reach far into a pale transparent sky. Delicate shadows of gray blue with warmer lights of a sunny day spread over slopes that are interlaced with patches of late snow that reach from the placid lake below to the topmost peak beyond. The foreground portal is flanked by stately pines and a carpet of gray-green grass is there for us to tread upon as we enter and view the grandeur beyond.



Number 4

"A BRITTANY HARBOR"

This canvas reveals the Breton Coast at its best. Here at anchor and in brilliant array are the fishing smacks of the Finisterre Coast, their brightly colored sails drooping in the late afternoon light and lazily casting their subdued counterpart in the blue and green water of a Brittany harbor. Here are color and vigor that appeal not only to the technician but to the layman as well. It is a canvas that attracts and holds the attention.



Number 5

"THE OPEN SEA"

The sea outside the Breton coast is the bluest in the world, and the merriest—so Edgar Payne tells us in this breezy canvas, which is full of movement and beauty, and which was painted with the spontaneous freedom of the subject itself. The hull of the proud oncoming hunter of tuna is even bluer than the waves it cleaves so superbly, and its sails show a flaunting brick-red against the wall of hurrying clouds. A picture of amazing vitality and enduring charm, with a joyously vibrant lyrical note.



Number 6

"A RUGGED PEAK"

Like all famous mountain peaks, Wellhorn, buffeted by winds and mists, scourged by tempests, threatened by lightnings, always emerges in great serenity from its rough experiences—which are, after all, only brief and temporary. The most of its days are passed in smiling peace, and after severe storms these seem more elysian than ever before. The artist has here come upon Wellhorn on such a day—its color old-rose, its head crowned with snow under a grayish-yellow sky. The immense shadow on its precipitous slopes is blue and delicately transparent. A picture as beautiful as it is noble and impressive.



Number 7

"SIERRA CRAGS"

Painted at Pine Lake, this rendering of tremendous mountain forms makes for a composition of imposing and compelling power. The crags, rising to sheer heights, and wrapped in the shadows of morning, ineffably ethereal and lovely, place themselves as a blue wall against the greenish-blue sky. The snow is spread like a white scarf along the crags. Summit Lake, tamaracks grouped around it, lies asleep in the foreground.



Number 8

BOATS AT "SOTTO MARINO"

Presumably the red and tawny sails of the Venetian cargo boats do not always flaunt themselves in the sun. But when they do, Edgar Payne's eye and brush are in swift pursuit. An impressionistic colorist, he has no taste for bare masts. So here we come upon rectangular sails against a greenish sky and the tawny buildings of Sotto Marino. Below the brilliant hulls of the boats are undulating green waters. The lines of the composition are simple and powerful.



Number 9

"THE WETTERHORN"

Wonderfully green are the slopes of the Wetterhorn as they shine and sparkle in the clear, cold air of the sunlit Swiss Alpine range. Wonderful and magnificent are their bold contours, and beautiful are their vast shadowed walls, blue shot with rose. Payne, painter of mountains, was not dismayed even by all this almost unpaintable grandeur, and he has given us a picture that is as magnificent as his model—a striking portrait in profile, so to speak.



Number 10

"DRYING SAILS"

After the driving mists of the sea comes the beneficent sun to the heavy cargo boats of the Adriatic. Then they spread their sails of a light brick-red and yellow till they flutter in the breeze like the wings of butterflies. Then they float like gulls on the transparent blue of the bay. Then the changing rose of their sails is repeated in the fleeting rose of the horizon. And then the painter from California sees them and is happy, for he has found a picture for his portfolio. The loveliness of the moment is recorded for all time, it is yours and mine no less than the artist's.



Number 11

"THE MATTERHORN"

Another Alpine scene of overwhelming impressiveness and grandeur in a brushwork whose particular virility of touch is native to Edgar Payne. The great mountain shows its fine silhouette against a sky delicately greenish in tone, its highest point wreathed in a nimbus of ever-changing yet ever-lasting cloud forms. At the mountain's base the snow lies like a plateau whose upper edge melts from white into the perennial green of trees. This approach to the Matterhorn was reached by the artist on the train that runs to Gornergrat.



Number 12

"TRANQUILLITY"

Tuna boats in the background, larger than the sardine smacks, though not more effective for the purposes of the picture-maker. Their hoisted sails have been painted and tinted and bleached by their owners, as well as by the sun and the wind, and their hulls have been striped with bright greens, quite as if the eager artist from America had given his orders a year or two ahead of his coming. But things have a habit of working that way for artists. They arrange themselves to suit his needs—and when they don't, he arranges them himself. We may be sure that Payne manipulated his ingredients very skillfully when he painted this fine picture.



Number 13

"BOATS OF CAMARET"

Camaret is across the bay from Brest. Her landlocked shore harbors many smacks, both large and small. Here rest the tuna fishermen alongside their brown-sailed sisters that hunt the prosaic sardine and mackerel. A well-balanced composition, with an excellent and pleasing arrangement of dark and light masses, the repose and tranquillity of the entire scene is reminiscent of, and is the locale of the romance of Pierre Loti.



Number 14

"SOLITUDE'S ENCHANTMENT"

The necromancy of noonday light holds a fascination for the landscape painter that he cannot escape. He is forever trying to perform the same magic on canvas. Sometimes he succeeds. Payne's success with "Solitude's Enchantment" is amazing. Here is nature—here is light—seen through a temperament. It is an art of the highest. The mountain wall shows amethyst of a crystal clarity. The lower cliffs are gray-pink with sunlight. The vivid green of trees and grass makes the entire canvas sparkle in light. In the Alvah G. Strong collection.



Number 15

"BOATS AT CHIOGGIA"

It must be that the sails of the Adriatic have given the name to that seductive color known as Italian pink, which is at once pink and rose and yellow, and yet not quite any of these. The larger bellying sail in this charming picture is of the true Italian pink, and holds tawny yellow patches like emblems. The smaller sail is a delicious yellow. An overarching blue sky vibrates with touches of the same elusive color—pink, rose, yellow, what you will—and the waters of the bay reflect it in an interplay of broken segments.



Number 16

"LAKE LUCERNE"

One of the most striking paintings in a collection rich in striking canvases. Also one of the finest technically. A dreamy afternoon, the light softened by a tender and impalpable haze. The contours of the dominating mountain are serenely majestic, its shadows are delicately blue, merging into rose-gray. Contours and shadows, as well as stately rows of red-roofed villas and a sky of palest blue, are all reflected in the beautiful green of the placid Lucerne, so rich in legend, song and story. No poem on Lake Lucerne ever held more haunting cadences than the lines and colors of this picture.



Number 17

"LAGUNA COAST"

Here is Laguna in her happiest mood. The sparkling blue-green sea, pounding at cliffs of golden brown lit by the sinking sun, all the colors are here, fresh and vivid.



Number 18

"THE RUGGED ALPS"

Here we have a very lovely scheme of gray-blues and deeper blues holding delicate suggestions of amethyst. The mountains are modeled with all the directness and power that the subject demands. The blue foreground shadow suggests, for all its transparency, the structural solidity of a wall of lapis-lazuli. Above this grandeur of blues the sky enfolds the mountains like a veil of pale gray-green, and the soaring peaks themselves show gray-pink in the early morning light.



Number 19

"THE ENGELBERG VALLEY"

The Engelberg Valley in Switzerland, not far from Lake Lucerne, offered the artist many pictorial opportunities. All he had to do was to pick up his brush, turn around three times, and lift up his eyes toward the mountains, which were everywhere. This was not exactly his procedure, perhaps, when he painted the beautiful picture before us, for it has compositional strength and coherence as well as perfect color harmony. The scheme is one of delicate light blues commingled with equally delicate grays, contrasted with a foreground of lively green.



Number 20

"LOADING BAIT"

A subject painted in an exquisite tonality, the prevailing note being the dull red in the sails of the fishing boats, which is carried out in the duller reds and accented by the dull yellows of the shadowed quay. The green of the bay is also kept low in key, the tide having the slow movement of oil in the almost breathless air. The busy fishermen give the touch of sympathetic intimacy to this everyday scene at Concarneau.



Number 21

"PEAKS AT ST. GERVAIS"

The warm grayish-pink of the sculptured walls of St. Gervais is very lovely in the light of early afternoon, and the festoons of snow are like immense garlands of the edelweiss—the inaccessible flower of the Alps. The shadows creeping up to the line of white are of a deeper rose than the walls of rock, and they hold hints of the hues of the evergreens they enfold. Below this overwhelming grandeur of form and color nestle the peaceful villages, red-roofed and embedded in green. The picture shows a fine rhythm of lines in parallels.



Number 22

"BOATS OFF SHORE"

A color harmony of keen and plangent hues. Reds, blues and greens along the sides of the ships. Old rose and warm grays in the spreading sails. Rose and Italian pink in the houses of the shore line. Broken reflections of all these kaleidoscopic colors in the light green waters of the bay. A delicate repetition of them in the cloud-barrage of the sky. An intriguing canvas.



Number 23

"THE GREAT WHITE PEAK"

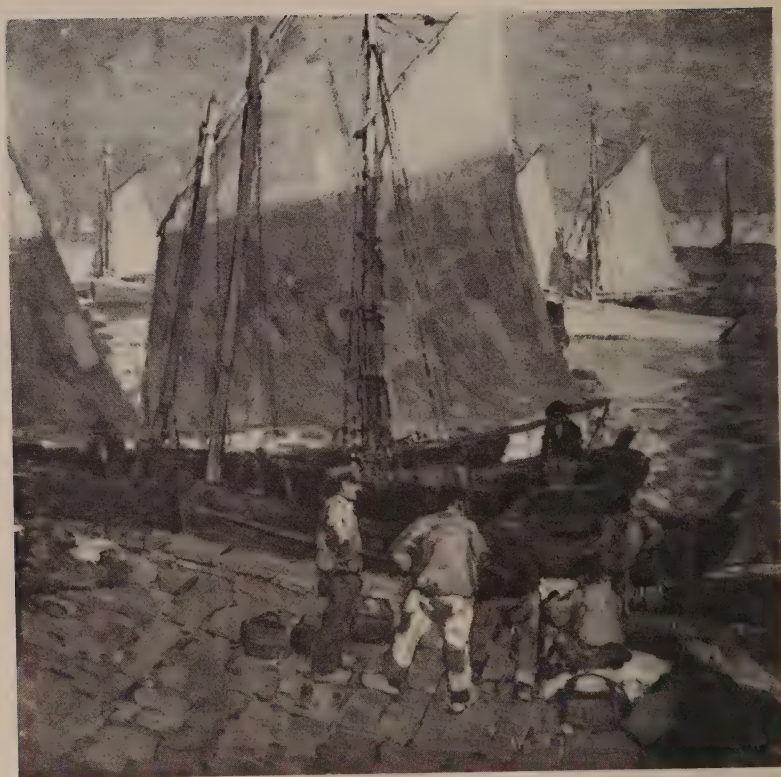
This magnificent study of Mont Blanc was winner of an honorable mention in the Paris Salon of 1923—in a competition that held 7000 paintings, many of them from the brushes of the world's master artists. The towering peak is shown in all its stupendous weight and overwhelming volume in brushwork that has the decision and authority of a modeling tool, so competent is this painter when he deals with form. And the color is as compelling as its form—in fact, it dwells in the form, permeates it.



Number 24

"THE WATER FRONT"

Once again the painter brings us to the colorful harbor of Sotto Marino. The rudders of the picturesque cargo boats are like the weapons of the vikings—or Gargantuan tomahawks. The painter's brushwork is luscious, and he has given an almost fruity bloom and flavor to the color in hull and sail, in sky and water, in house and quay.



Number 25

"FISHERMEN OF CONCARNEAU"

Sails, reddish and a light tan in color, make rich splotches of warm color against the cooler tones of the blue sky and the blue-green water of the bay at picturesque Concarneau. Place before these a group of sturdy seafarers in jackets of bright red and blue, and breeches of the same primary colors, on a quay whose tiles show like a mosaic, and you have a scheme that sings to the eye in a resonant harmony. The fishermen of Concarneau, being French, may have appreciated the artist's delight when he painted them.



Number 26

"RUGGED HEIGHTS"

Precipitous slopes are the dominating features of this canvas. Shadowed by the morning sun the ruggedness is revealed by lights that mantle the overlying snow and glaciers. Pierced by the spire-like peak that cleaves the snow and towers far into the pale turquoise sky. The foreground is covered with new spring grass over which we wander past the mountaineers' hut into the shadowed crevices of these Alpine monarchs.



Number 27

"FISHERMEN'S HOLIDAY"

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea." Even his ships, whose sails are drying in the sun, display a sort of Sabbath quietude, and their hulls rest side by side in orderly array. Yet the Breton color is as lively as ever—there is no subduing that. The fishing boats remain green and pink, even on holidays, the bay becomes bluer than before, and the village, in its smiling repose, retains all its delicious tones of tawny reds and yellows. The fishermen are holding a pictorial holiday, and we and the artist are duly grateful.



Number 28

"THE MONT BLANC RANGE"

The three mountains that you see on the road to Chamonix, their parallel ridges meeting and opposing in the foreground. The sky, faintly blue, enfolds the gray-pink of the central peak. Pines group themselves on the lower slopes of the conquering three peaks, and all three are crowned with snow. The artist has attained to a bigness of effect that yet holds a pastoral charm and quietude. The solidity of the painting gives a fine feeling of quality.



Number 29

"SAILS OF CHIOGGIA"

Twenty miles south of Venice lies Chioggia, the largest of the fishing towns of Italy, and also one of the most picturesque. Payne was enchanted by this string of boats at the quay, their sails hoisted to the light breeze that they might become dry for the next trip into the Mediterranean—sails of a grayish-red and a dull yellow above boats painted green and red—surely the keenest notes of color a painter could wish.



Number 30

"PEAKS OF TONNAY"

Lake Tonnyay, in color a cold blue with an interplay of green, is at Montrieux, near Geneva, and its peaks have all the sublime majesty of the snowy peaks of our High Sierras. Along the deep declivities of these noble mountains the snow glows, in the morning light, in tender pinkish grays against shadows as coldly blue and green as Lake Tonnyay itself. The more luxurious greens of the pines around the lake carry out the color harmonies of an unusually impressive composition.



Number 31

"SUNLIT PEAK"

Wellhorn, near Meiringen, in the Swiss Alps. The artist made a laborious climb of 2000 feet to paint this imposing picture, for Wellhorn held for him an allure not to be resisted at any cost. But no mountain climber ever came back with richer reward than this canvas—and now the painter hands it on to us. In sunlight the snow gleams clear and jewel-like against the densely and intensely blue shadows. The valley below, too, is equally vivid—green grass and blue stream, the pines shadowed with blue.

PAYNE

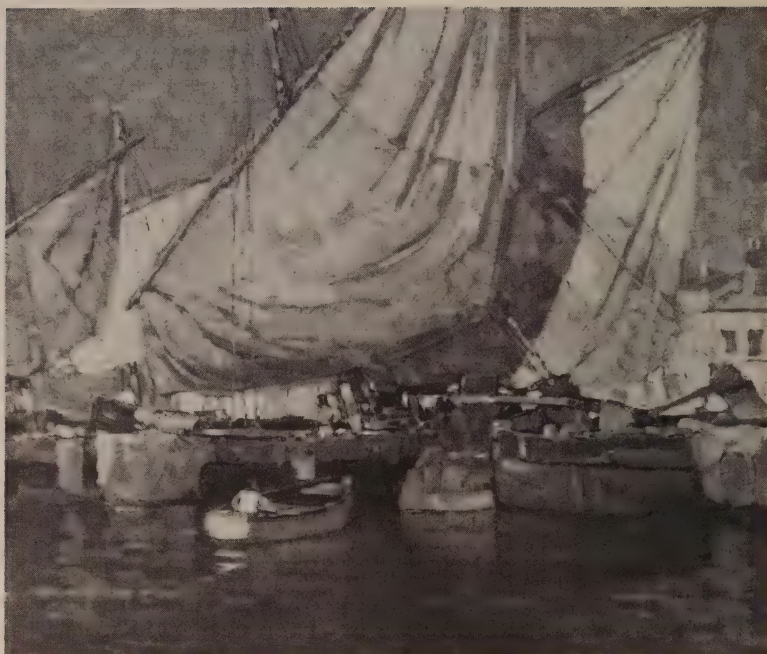
forty-eight



Number 32

"BOATS OF DOUARNENEZ"

The syllables of Douarnenez are as softly musical as the murmurous ripples of its peaceful, sunlit harbor. No Breton port offers more pictures to the trained eye and facile brush. Payne has brought us many from there, among them this colorful study of fishing smacks at anchor, delicious in its harmonies of greens, blues and rose-pinks, hues melting into one another and repeated softly in the rippled water on which the boats are riding so tranquilly.



Number 33

"A BUSY PORT"

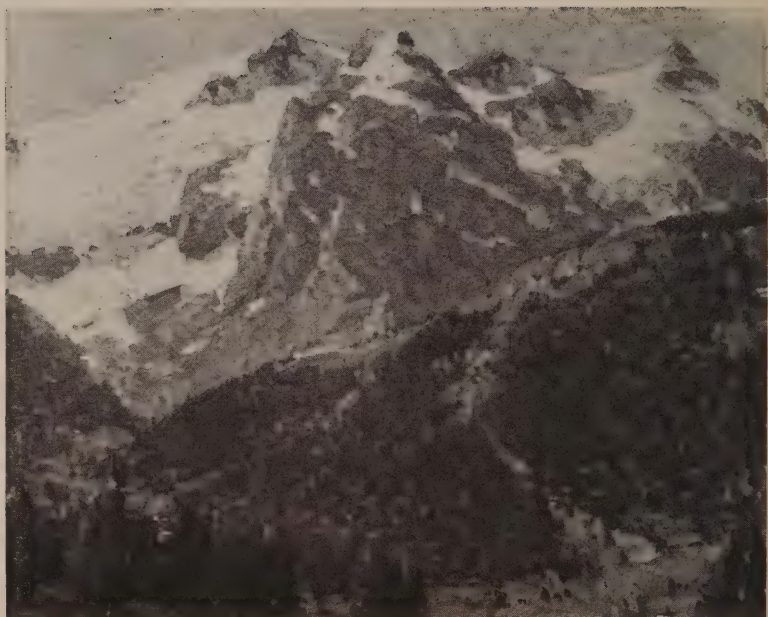
The port of Sotto Marino seems to hold all the color of Italy, if we may judge from this canvas from Payne's brush. But it also combines its lovely reds and yellows and greens in decorative patterns, making pictures for the painter's eye on every hand. Here Payne has caught one of these pictures, transferring it to canvas with a power and a directness, as well as with an unerring instinct for essentials, that makes this decorative canvas take rank with one of Brangwyn's very best in both color and brushwork. High praise, but not misplaced.



Number 34

"EAST WIND"

This fleet of advancing cargo, sardine and mackerel boats has something of the conquering air of a flotilla of viking ships. And they are equally picturesque, for the fishermen of Italy have an eye for beauty no less competent than their hand for utility. We may surmise that they invented the color known as Italian pink, so gloriously does it show itself in the sails of these boats. The white foam whispers and murmurs to the proudly lifted prows. The breeze sings. The color of ships and sea and sky is richly harmonized. A spontaneous piece of painting that gives great joy to the beholder—as it must have done to the artist.



Number 35

"WOODED SLOPES"

Wellhorn. A highly sensitized touch gives great distinction to this painting, one of the most beautiful in Payne's collection. The mountain forms have subtle rhythms, the color has crystalline clarity and subtlety—it "hangs together" with the delicacy of the brushwork. But we are shown strength as well as refinement, intellect has gone hand in hand with emotion in the making of the picture.



Number 35

"OUTWARD BOUND"

The mackerel hunters are nosing their way out of the harbor at Concarneau on a tide whose deep blue gleams like a harbinger of good luck. The afternoon sun, too, shines bright on the red and white sails, and the advancing breeze is preparing to pour itself into them. Every boat in the fleet is here, headed straight to sea, for the mackerel are running at full speed a mile away. A picture of joyous and hopeful activity, a true transcript from life that is also a fine piece of art in its carefully studied arrangement.



Number 37

"SAND BOATS"

The romance of ancient Italy is revealed in this conception. Stalwart Latins are unloading their cargo of sand that may have come from Corsica or the nearby Ligurian Coast. Drooping sails with tall pointed spars remind us of their ancient forbears, the barges of the Pharaohs that plied the Nile when the world was young.



Number 38

"BECALMED"

Four fishing boats off the coast of Brittany, typical craft made use of by these sturdy toilers of the sea. For the moment they are at rest. There is no breath of wind, and the lazily undulating waters, emerald in their crystal clearness, hold the reflection of rose colors from the sails of the boats, making them look like tender flowers of the sea. The composition, triangular in its lines, is very effective.



Number 39

"ITALIAN BOATS, NO. 10"

The cargo craft of the Venetian lakes are no less picturesque and paintable than the gondolas of the lagoons—and, indeed, offer the artist more color and more variety of form. Payne's flair for color led him to them again and again. In his No. 10 the sails, of the usual light red and dull yellow, offer form that is almost monumental in its reach toward the greenish sky. The hulls of the boats are reflected in an interplay of greens and reds in the placid waters. Here is a color scheme that is at once rich, tender and luminous.



Number 40

"SHADOWED SLOPES"

We are now among the French Alps, looking at mountains whose steep declivities are gray-pink in light, blue in shadow. The subject has been handled with marked distinction, in brush strokes at once loose and direct. Snow lingers in the deep gorges of the mountains. Below is a lovely green lake and trees rich in their changeless verdure. The sky, a bluish gray, reaches down toward the gray shadow on the higher peaks, which are almost hidden in the enveloping clouds. The blue shadows seem to float along the mountain sides, so evanescent are they, so fleeting in their beauty.

fifty-seven

PAYNE



Number 41

"A BIG PINE LAKE"

The necromancy of early morning light holds a fascination for the landscape painter that he cannot escape if he would. He is forever trying to perform the same magic on canvas. Sometimes he succeeds. Payne's success with "A Big Pine Lake," whose delicately resonant theme was found in the High Sierras, is amazing. Here is nature—here is light—seen through a temperament. It is art of the highest. The mountain wall shows amethyst of a crystal clarity. The lower cliffs to the right are gray-pink with sunlight. The vivid green of trees and grass gives the entire canvas a sparkle of light.



Number 42

"FISHERMEN'S HARBOR"

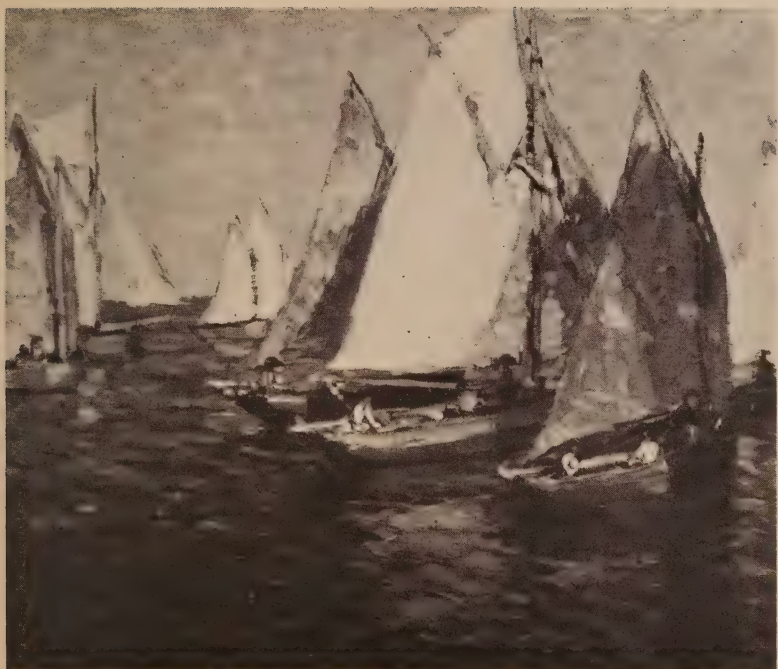
At Concarneau, along the Breton coast. Another example of Payne's happy use of French fishing boats in the making of a thoroughly satisfactory picture—a picture whose luscious color harmonies keep time, as it were, with the rhythms of its lines. Clear sunlight transfigures and glorifies the green and white of the boats, the green of the harbor ripples, and the yellow sails of the boats. The parallel lines of the composition give dignity as well as grace to the picture.



Number 43

"FRENCH BOATS"

Three tuna boats are lying at anchor in the harbor of Concarneau. In the foreground is a sardine smack. They are raising her brown and patched sails making ready for the open sea. Nothing is here, save the weathered rigging, to suggest the drenching rain and stormy seas which are the lot of these Breton craft and their sturdy sailors; a canvas with a restful and pleasing arrangement of joyous color.



Number 44

"FISHING FLEET"

The sardine boats are off for the fishing grounds. Their sails are set to catch all of the breeze that promises an early arrival. The warm afternoon sun accents the brown and orange sheets, their colors reflect and sparkle in a sea of inky blue. The air of expectant activity indicates a bountiful catch and a speedy return. A canvas full of color, action and skillful brushwork.



Number 45

"PEAKS AND SHADOWS"

Prize winner in the exhibition of the California Art Club last fall. Painted near Kanderstag, in Switzerland, in the first year of Payne's European sojourn, it holds all the enthusiasm of the discoverer of magnificence in form. Its strength is almost overpowering—for it is like the strength, the weight, the volume of the peaks themselves. The snow lies warm in the light, and the foreground shadows, rich with evergreens, shows a deep blue. The sunlit crags glow with broken color, and the entire scheme is one of much beauty.

PAYNE

sixty-two



Number 46

"BRITTANY BOATS"

Our artist lingered long and often round the harbor at Concarneau—and no wonder! To right and left, before him and behind him, lay the ingredients of innumerable pictures in a smiling repose. The blue bay, gleaming like a mirror—the fluttering sails of light reds, yellows and greens—the brightly painted hulls of the boats—the protecting sky. All he had to do was to arrange them into a charming picture and call it “Brittany Boats”—which he did, and with most marked success on this occasion.



Number 47

"EVENING"

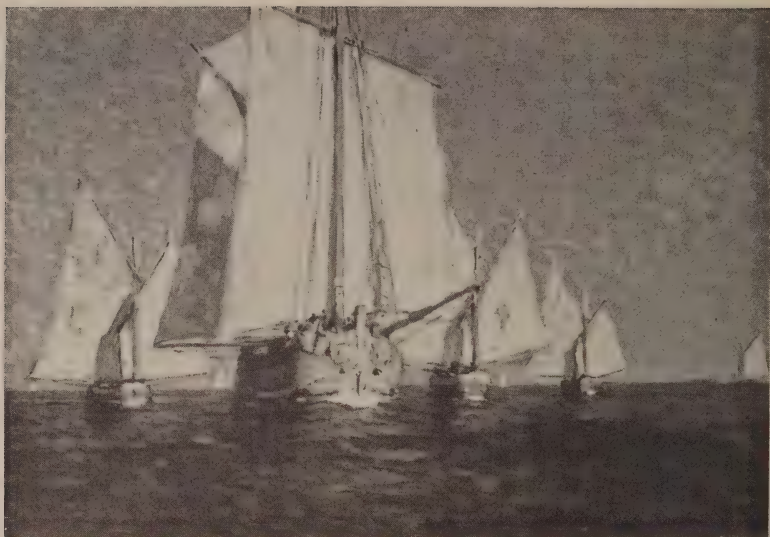
Two fishing boats at Douarnenez, on the coast of Brittany. The hull of one dull blue and red, the hull of the other red and gray-pink. Raised sails showing dull reds, yellows and pinks. These make the simple ingredients of this charming picture, but they arrange themselves with such suavity, and they limn themselves against a pinkish sky with such sureness of effect, that no man could ask for more. Here is the artistic "enough" that is as good as a feast—indeed, it is a finely flavored feast to the palate of the initiated.



Number 48

"VIEW AT MURREN"

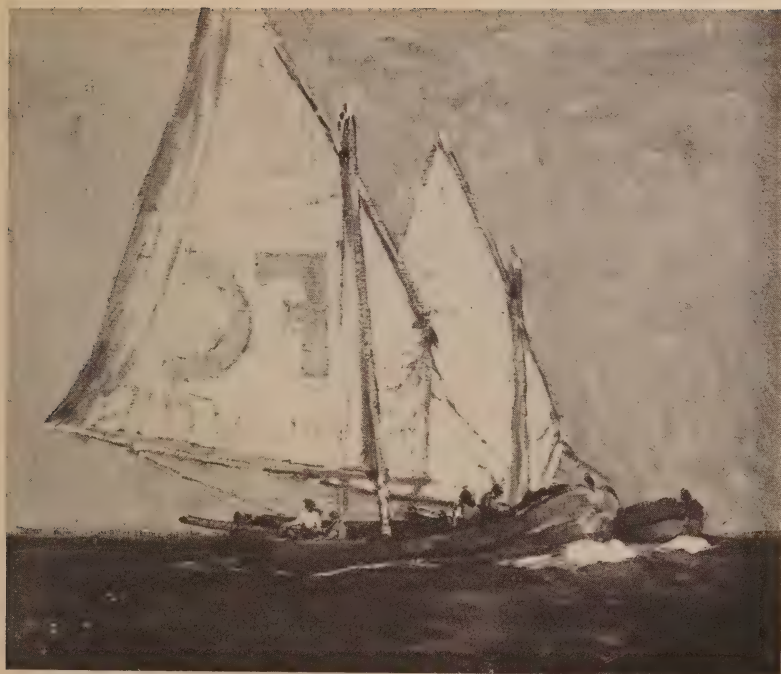
These peaks are the loveliest in the Bernese Alps, and they have been discovered and here revealed in one of their most brilliantly colorful phases. The climbing evergreens are like an insurgent army with fixed bayonets. Seen in shadow, they wear the intense blue of lapis-lazuli, dazingly beautiful. The emerging mountain peaks and ridges show a warm golden pink in the afternoon light, the sky above them a vibrant blue. The whole scheme of form and color has power and impressiveness—and it is full of beauty.



Number 49

"THE RETURN"

Here the oncoming fleet reminds us of a general marshalling his forces in review. A proud state-ly ship leads the way flanked by the fishing smacks with their sea-wings spread to the breeze. The blue-green sea sparkles with color as if dipped with the bright-hued sheets of this caravan of the sea.



Number 50

"MAKING PORT"

Two fishing boats running side by side in a spanking breeze over waters deeply and darkly blue. The sails of the twin boats glow softly in the colors of fading roses and daffodils, and one is blazoned with the initials of its owner, F. C. The waves in the wake of the boats are aplay with broken beryl and emerald colors. White foam murmurs and whispers at their prows. Here is a picture, and a most beautiful one, that fairly sings to the eyes, chanting the joys of the open sea. And it is as vital as it is beautiful, a delightfully spontaneous expression of the painter's joy in his subject.



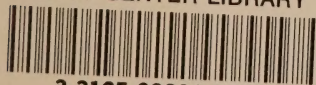
Number 51

"MODEL OF FRENCH TUNA BOAT"

An exact miniature duplicate of the tuna boats of the west coast of France. From the keel to the peak of the main mast every detail is a working part and the entire model is constructed neither as a decoration nor a toy, but is a precise reduction of an actuality.



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